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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth

Date of original edition of this Facsimile . . . 1598
(*Bodleian.*)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth

1598

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth

1598

This facsimile is from an original copy now in the Bodleian Library.

This old play, one of the "sources" of Shakespeare's "Henry IV," probably written about 1587, *was staged in* 1588 *and licensed for printing in* 1594. *Hazlitt, however, says it was "performed" as early as* 1585. *Tarleton (who died in* 1588*) took the part of Derrick the clown. No earlier edition than* 1598 *is known, but a later one appeared in* 1617.

The plates for this facsimile have been made by the Clarendon Press.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE FAMOVS VICtories of Henry the fifth:

Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court:

As it was plaide by the Queenes Maieſties Players.

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LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.

The Famous Victories

of Henry the fifth, Conteining the Honorable Battell of Agin-court.

Enter the yoong Prince, Ned, *and* Tom.

Henry the fifth.

COme away Ned and Tom.

Both. Here my Lord.

Henr. 5. Come away my Lads:
Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?

Ned. Faith my Lord, I haue got fiue hundred pound.

Hen. 5. But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got?

Tom. Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

Hen. 5. Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads.
But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers Receiuers?

Ned. Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Hen. 5. Faith Ned thou sayest true.
But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

Tom. My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Hen. 5. But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-castle
Comes not away: Sounds see where he comes.

Enters Iockey.

How now Iockey, what newes with thee?

Iockey. Faith my Lord, such newes as pasteth,
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,

With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the laſt night,
And has ſet vpon,and hath robd a poore Carrier.
Hen.5. Sownes,the villaine that was wont to ſpie
Out our booties.
Iock. I my Lord,euen the very ſame.
Hen.5. Now baſe minded raſcal to rob a poore carrier,
Wel it ſkils not,ile ſaue the baſe villaines life:
I,I may:but tel me Iockey,wherabout be the Receiuers?
Ioc. Faith my Lord,they are hard by,
But the beſt is,we are a horſe backe and they be a foote,
So we may eſcape them.
Hen.5. Wel,I the villaines come,let me alone with
them.
But tel me Iockey,how much gots thou from the knaues?
For I am ſure I got ſomething,for one of the villaines
So belamd me about the ſhoulders,
As I ſhal feele it this moneth.
Iock. Faith my Lord,I haue got a hundred pound.
Hen.5. A hundred pound,now bravely ſpoken Iockey:
But come ſirs,laie al your money before me,
Now by heauen here is a braue ſhewe:
But as I am true Gentleman,I wil haue the halfe
Of this ſpent to night,but ſirs take vp your bags,
Here comes the Receiuers,let me alone.

Enters two Receiuers.

One. Alas good fellow,what ſhal we do?
I dare neuer go home to the Court,for I ſhall be hangd.
But looke,here is the yong Prince,what ſhal we do?
Hen.5. Holy,now you villaines,what are you?
One Recei. Speake you to him.
Other. No I pray,ſpeake you to him.
Hen.5. Why how now you raſcals,why ſpeak you not?
One. Forſooth we be.Pray ſpeake you to him.
Hen.5. Sownes,villains ſpeak,or ile cut off your heads.

Other.

Other. Forſooth he can tel the tale better then I.
One. Forſooth we be your fathers Receiuers.
Hen.5. Are you my fathers Receiuers?
Then I hope ye haue brought me ſome money.
One. Money, Alas ſir we be robd.
Hen.5. Robd, how many were there of them?
One. Marry ſir, there were foure of them:
And one of them had ſir Iohn Old-Caſtles bay Bobbie,
And your blacke Nag.
Hen.5. Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey?
Blod you vilaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
And we robd in our ſtables.
But tell me, how many were of them?
One recei. If it pleaſe you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bigneſſe of you:
But I am ſure I ſo belambd him about the ſhoulders,
That he wil feele it this month.
Hen.5. Gogs wounds you lamd them fairely,
So that they haue carried away your money.
But come ſirs, what ſhall we do with the vilaines?
Both recei. I beſeech your grace, be good to vs.
Ned. I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.
Well ſtand vp and get you gone,
And loke that you ſpeake not a word of it,
For if there be, ſownes ile hang you and all your kin.
Exit Purſeuant.
Hen.5. Now ſirs, how like you this?
Was not this bravely done?
For now the vilaines dare not ſpeake a word of it,
I haue ſo feared them with words.
Now whither ſhall we goe?
All. Why my Lord, you know our old hoſtes
At Feuerſham.
Hen.5. Our hoſtes at Feuerſham, blod what ſhal we do there?
We haue a thouſand pound about vs,

And we ſhall go to a pettie Ale-houſe.
No,no: you know the olde Tauerne in Eaſtcheape,
There is good wine: beſides,there is a prette wench
That can talke well,for I delight as much in their tongs,
As any part about them.
All. We are readie to waite vpon your grace.
Hen.5. Gogs wounds wait,we will go altogither,
We are all fellowes,I tell you ſirs,and the King
My father were dead,we would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.
Ned. Gogs wounds,braucly ſpoken Harry.
Enter Iohn Cobler,Robin Pewterer,Lawrence Coſtermonger.
Iohn Cob. All is well here,all is well maiſters.
Robin. How ſay you neighbour Iohn Cobler?
I thinke it beſt that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
And we will watch here at Billingſgate ward.
How ſay you neighbour Robin,how like you this?
Robin. Marry well neighbours:
I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.
But neighbours,and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haſte: and if I heare any ado about you,
I will come to you.
Exit Robin.
Law. Neighbor,what newes heare you of ỹ young Prince?
Iohn. Marry neighbor, I heare ſay, he is a toward yong Prince,
For if he met any by the hie way,
He will not let to take with him,
I dare not call him theefe, but ſure he is one of theſe taking fellowes.
Law. Indeed neighbour I heare ſay he is as lively
A young Prince as euer was.
Iohn. I,and I heare ſay,if he vſe it long,
His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

But neighbour ſay nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

Iohn. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to ſléepe,
If you will, we will ſit downe,
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Marry content neighbour, let vs ſléepe.

Enter Dericke rouing.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O neighbors, what meane you to ſléepe,
And ſuch ado in the ſtréetes?

Ambo. How now neighbor, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why what ailſt thou? here is no horſes.

Dericke. O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?

Robin. Hold him neighbor Cobler.

Robin. Why I ſée thou art a plaine Clowne.

Dericke. Am I a Clowne, ſownes maiſters,
Do Clownes go in ſilke apparell?
I am ſure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent ſcant go ſo
Well: Sownes you know clownes very well:
Heare you, are you maiſter Conſtable, and you be ſpeake?
For I will not take it at his hands.

Iohn. Faith I am not maiſter Conſtable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Dericke. Is not maiſter Conſtable here?
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

Iohn. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

Der. Well, you are one of his beaſtly officers.

Iohn. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why then I charge thée loke to him.

Cobler. Nay but heare ye ſir, you ſéeme to be an honeſt
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:

And

And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.
Der. First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seeme to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly,
Nay, I am quickly pacified:
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you laie hold on him.
Robin. Yes that we wil, I warrant you.
Der. 'Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue
Is, now I haue forgiuen him.
Iohn. Neighbors do ye looke about you?
How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?
Der. Whope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?
Theef. I know thee for an Asse.
Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent:
A bots light vpon ye.
Theef. The whoreson vilaine would be knockt.
Der. Maisters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.
Iohn. My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.
Theef. It is not too late for true men to walke.
Law. We know thee not to be a true man.
Theef. Why what do you meane to do with me?
Sownes I am one of the kings liege people.
Der. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?
Theef. I marry am I sir, what say you to it?
Der. Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings filching
Cob. Come, come, lets haue him away. (people.
Theef. Why what haue I done?

Robin.

Robin. Thou haſt robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer ſawe him before.

Der. Maiſters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?

Cob. How now Robin, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue béne at the Counter,
I can tell ſuch newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and then they ſent for a noyſe of Muſitians, and were very merry for the ſpace of an houre, then whether their Muſicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue againſt the wals, and then they drew their ſwordes, and went into the ſtreete and fought, and ſome tooke one part, & ſome tooke another, but for the ſpace of halfe an houre, there was ſuch a bloodie fray as paſſeth, and none coulde part them vntill ſuch time as the Maior and Sheriffe were ſent for, and then at the laſt with much adoo, they tooke them, and ſo the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Meſſenger from the Court in all haſte from the King, for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cauſe I know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indéede Robert.

Law. Marry neighbour, this newes is ſtrange indéede, I thinke it beſt neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe firſt.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We mean to carry you to the priſon, and there to remaine till the Seſſions day.

Theef. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cob. May thou must go to ẏ countrey prison, to newgate, Therefore come away.

Theef. I prethie be good to me honest fellow.

Der. I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thée, For I will neuer leaue thée, til I sée thée on the Gallowes.

Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter, and the Lord of Oxford.

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, héere is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.

K. Hen. 4. Admit them to our presence.

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.

Now my good Lord Maior of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be hailed to prison by euery subiect.

Maior. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

King Hen. 4. Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

Maior. Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, thē any anger.

K. Hen. 4. Go to, say on.

Maior. Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and thrée of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a verie disordered companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their Musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercome with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords,

and

and into the ſtréete they went, and ſome toke my Lord the yong Princes part, and ſome toke the other, but betwixt them there was ſuch a bloodie fray for the ſpace of halfe an houre, that neither watchmẽ nor any other could ſtay thẽ, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were ſent for, and at the laſt with much adoo we ſtaied them, but it was long firſt, which was a great diſquieting to all your louing ſubiects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had ſent them to trie vs, whether we would doe iuſtice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in ſuch a caſe we knew not what to do, but for our own ſafegard we ſent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maieſties ſonne. And thus moſt humbly beſéeching your Maieſtie to thinke of our anſwere.

Hen. 4. Stand aſide vntill we haue further deliberated on your anſwere.

Exit Maior.

Hen. 4. Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accurſed Harry,
That hath gotten a ſonne, which with gréefe
Will end his fathers dayes.
Oh my ſonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indéed,
And to deſerue impriſonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull ſubiects:
Diſcharge them and let them go.

L. Exe. I beſéech your Grace, be good to my Lord the yong Prince.

Hen. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Oxf. Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe haue bene too preciſe in this matter.

Hen. 4. No: they haue done like faithfull ſubiects:
I will go my ſelfe to diſcharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

Enter Lord chiefe Iuſtice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler, Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.

Iudge. Jayler bring the priſoner to the barre.

Der. Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the priſoner.

Iudge. Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

Theefe. Here it is my Lord.

Iudge. Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

Cleark. What is thy name?

Theefe. My name was knowne before I came here, And ſhall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Iudge. I, I thinke ſo, but we will know it better before thou go.

Der. Sownes and you do but ſend to the next Jaile, We are ſure to know his name, For this is not the firſt priſon he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

Clearke. What is thy name?

Theef. What need you to aſke, and haue it in writing.

Clearke. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe. What the Diuell need you aſk, and know it ſo well.

Cleark. Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May laſt paſt, in the fourtéen yeare of the raigne of our ſouereigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for ſetting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the ſaid Carrier, and taken his goods from him.

Der. Oh maiſters ſtay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me alſo, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great raſe of Ginger, that bouncing Belle with the iolly buttocks ſhould haue had, that grieues me moſt.

Iudge. Well, what ſayeſt thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

Theefe. Not guiltie, my Lord.

Iudge. By whom wilt thou be tried?

Theefe.

Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by my ſelfe whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you here? I muſt goe about my buſineſſe my ſelfe, and you muſt ſtand loytering here.

Theefe. Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

Hen.5. Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord?

Iudge. I am glad to ſee your grace in good health.

Hen.5. Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis marueil you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

Iudge. Your Grace ſhal finde ſmall credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

Hen.5. Why my Lord, what hath he done? (Carrier.

Iud. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie, he hath robbed a poore

Der. Heare you ſir, marry it was one Dericke,
Goodman Hoblings man of Kent.

Hen.5. What waſt you butten-breech?
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in ieſt.

Der. Heare you ſir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in ieſt? In faith, he ſhall be hangd in earneſt.

Hen.5. Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

Iudg. And pleaſe your grace, the law muſt paſſe on him, According to iuſtice, then he muſt be executed.

Der. Heare you ſir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in ieſt? In faith he ſhall be hangd in ieſt.

Hen.5. Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

Iudg. And pleaſe your grace the law muſt paſſe on him, According to iuſtice, then he muſt be executed.

Hen.5. Why then belike you meane to hang my man?
Iudge. I am ſorrie that it falles out ſo.
Hen.5. Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?
Iud. And pleaſe your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that ſhall be after the deceaſe of our ſouereigne Lord, King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne.
Hen.5. You ſay true my Lord:
And you will hang my man.
Iudge. And like your grace, I muſt néeds do iuſtice.
Hen.5. Tell me my Lord, ſhall I haue my man?
Iudge. I cannot my Lord.
Hen.5. But will you not let him go?
Iud. I am ſorie that his caſe is ſo ill.
Hen.5. Tuſh, caſe me no caſings, ſhal I haue my man?
Iudge. I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.
Hen.5. Nay, and I ſhal not ſay, & then I am anſwered.
Iudge. No.
Hen.5. No: then I will haue him.
He giueth him a boxe on the eare.
Ned. Gogs wounds my Lord, ſhal I cut off his head?
Hen.5. No, I charge you draw not your ſwords,
But get you hence, prouide a noyſe of Muſitians,
Away, be gone.
Exeunt the Theefe.
Iudge. Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.
Hen.5. Nay and you be not, you ſhall haue more.
Iudge. Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?
Hen.5. You, who knowes not you?
Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iuſtice of England.
Iudge. Your Grace hath ſaid truth, therfore in ſtriking me in this place, you greatly abuſe me, and not me onely, but alſo your father: whoſe liuely perſon here in this place I do repreſent. And therefore to teach you what preroga-
tiues

tines meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill we haue ſpoken with your father.

Hen.5. Why then belike you meane to ſend me to the Fléete?

Iudge. I indéed, and therefore carry him away.

Exeunt Hen.5. with the Officers.

Iudge. Iayler, carry the priſoner to Newgate againe, vntil the nert Siſes.

Iay. At your commandement my Lord, it ſhalbe done.

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.

Der. Sownds maiſters, heres adoo,
When Princes muſt go to priſon:
Why Iohn, didſt euer ſée the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, truſt me, I neuer ſaw the like. (ler,

Der. Why Iohn thou maiſt ſée what princes be in chol-
A Iudge a bore on the eare, Ile tel thée Iohn, O Iohn,
I would not haue done it for twentie ſhillings.

Iohn. No no? I., there had bene no way but one with
We ſhould haue bene hangde. (vs,

Der. Faith Iohn, Ile tel thée what, thou ſhalt be my
Lord chiefe Iuſtice, and thou ſhalt ſit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thée a bore on the eare,
And then thou ſhalt ſay, to teach you what prerogatiues
Meane, I commit you to the Fléete.

Iohn. Come on, Ile be your Iudge,
But thou ſhalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Marry he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why then I cannot let him go.

Der. I muſt néeds haue my man.

Iohn. You ſhall not haue him.

Der. Shall I not haue my man, ſay no and you dare:
Now ſay you, ſhall I not haue my man?

Iohn. No marry ſhall you not.

Der.

Der. Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn. No Dericke.

Der. Why then take you that till more come, Sownes, shall I not haue him?

Iohn. Well I am content to take this at your hand, But I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou, Sownds, dost not know thy self?

Iohn. No.

Der. Now away simple fellow, Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

Iohn. No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Der. Oh Iohn, Maste thou saist true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean I commit you to the Fleete.

Der. Wel I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue, (Ile course you.

Exit, And straight enters again. Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fleete, I thinke that thou art one of these Wozenday Clownes.

Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith ile be no more a Carrier.

Iohn. What wilt thou do then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

Iohn. With me, alaste I am not able to keepe thee, Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

Der Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes, alaste a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such little thing serues me.

Iohn. a Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of rotes.

Der. Rotes, why are you so good at roting? May Cobler, weele haue you ringde.

Iohn But Dericke, though we be ſo poore,
Yet will we haue in ſtore a crab in the fire,
With nut-browne Ale, that is full ſtale,
Which will a man quaile, and laie in the mire.
Der. A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as faſt as we can.
Exeunt.
Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.
Hen.5. Come away ſirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didſt thou not ſée what a boxe on the eare
I toke my Lord chiefe Iuſtice?
Tom. By gogs blood it did me good to ſée it,
It made his téeth iarre in his head.
Enter ſir Iohn Old-Caſtle.
Hen.5. How now ſir Iohn Old-Caſtle,
What newes with you?
Ioh.Old. I am glad to ſée your grace at libertie,
I was come I, to viſit you in priſon.
Hen.5. To viſit me, didſt thou not know that I am a Princes ſon, why tis inough for me to loke into a priſon, though I come not in my ſelfe, but heres ſuch adoo now a-dayes, heres priſoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuel and all: but I tel you ſirs, when I am King, we will haue no ſuch things, but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.
Ioh.Old. Hée is a good olde man, God take him to his mercy the ſoner.
Hen.5. But Ned, ſo ſone as I am King, the firſt thing I wil do, ſhal be to put my Lord chief Iuſtice out of office,
And thou ſhalt be my Lord chiefe Iuſtice of England.
Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Iuſtice?
By gogs wounds, ile be the braueſt Lord chiefe Iuſtice
That euer was in England.
Hen.5. Then Ned, ile turne all theſe priſons into fence Scholes, and I will endue thée with them, with landes to

maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my Lord chiefe Iuſtice, thou ſhalt hang none but picke purſes and horſe ſtealers, and ſuch baſe minded villaines, but that fellow that will ſtand by the high way ſide couragiouſly with his ſword and buckler and take a purſe, that fellow giue him commendations, beſide that, ſend him to me and I will giue him an anuall penſion out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Ioh. Nobly ſpoken Harry, We ſhall neuer haue a merry world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now?

Hen. 5. To the Court, for I heare ſay, my father lies verie ſicke.

Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

Hen. 5. Yet will I goe thither, for the breath ſhal be no ſooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head.

Iockey. Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake ſo full of needles?

Hen. 5. Cloake, flat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne deuiſing, and therefore I wil weare it.

Tom. I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

Hen. 5. Why man, tis a ſigne that I ſtand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head.

Ioc. Or that euery needle might be a pricke to their harts that repine at your doings.

Hen. 5. Thou ſaiſt true Iockey, but there ſome wil ſay, the young Prince will be a well toward young man and all this geare, that I had as leaue they would breake my head with a pot, as to ſay any ſuch thing, but we ſtand prating here too long, I muſt needs ſpeake with my father, therfore come away.

Porter. What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court gate?

Hen.5. Heres one that muſt ſpeake with the King.

Por. The King is verie ſick, and none muſt ſpeak with him.

Hen.5. No you raſcall, do you not know me?

Por. You are my Lord the yong Prince.

Hen.5. Then goe and tell my father, that I muſt and will ſpeake with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head?

Hen.5. No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to do here, what you are in my fathers Court.

Ned. I will write him in my Tables, for ſo ſoone as I am made Lord chiefe Iuſtice, I will put him out of his Office.

The Trumpet ſounds.

Hen.5. Gogs woundes ſirs, the King comes,
Lets all ſtand aſide.

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.

Hen.4. And is it true my Lord, that my ſonne is alreadie ſent to the Fleete? now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my ſonne, and he by one word hath cauſed him to be ruled. Oh my ſonne, my ſonne, no ſoner out of one priſon, but into another, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue ſeene this noble Realme of England flouriſh by thee my ſonne, but now I ſee it goes to ruine and decaie.

He wepeth.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Ox. And pleaſe your grace, here is my Lord your ſonne,
That commeth to ſpeake with you,
He ſaith, he muſt and will ſpeake with you.

Hen.4. Who my ſonne Harry?

Oxf. I and pleaſe your Maieſtie.

Hen.4. I know wherefore he commeth,
But looke that none come with him.

Oxf. A verie diſordered company, and ſuch as make
Verie ill rule in your Maieſties houſe.
Hen.4. Well let him come,
But looke that none come with him.

He goeth.

Oxf. And pleaſe your grace,
My Lord the King,ſends for you.
Hen.5. Come away ſirs,lets go all togither.
Oxf. And pleaſe your grace,none muſt go with you.
Hen.5. Why I muſt needs haue them with me,
Otherwiſe I can do my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.
Oxf. The King your father commaunds
There ſhould none come.
Hen.5. Well ſirs then be gone,
And prouide me three Noyſe of Muſitians.

Exeunt knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Hen.4. Come my ſonne,come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my ſonne,my ſonne,what cauſe hath euer bene,
That thou ſhouldſt forſake me, and follow this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuſeth youth ſo manifeſtly:
Oh my ſonne,thou knoweſt that theſe thy doings
Will end thy fathers dayes.

He weepes.

I ſo,ſo,my ſonne,thou feareſt not to approach the preſence
of thy ſick father,in that diſguiſed ſort,I tel thee my ſonne,
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to
my heart, & neuer an ilat-hole,but it is a hole to my ſoule:
and wherefore thou bringeſt that dagger in thy hande I
know not,but by coniecture.

He weepes.

Hen.5. My cõſcience accuſeth me,moſt ſoueraign Lord,
and welbeloued father, to anſwere firſt to the laſt point,

That

That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this dagger ſhall be armde againſt your life: no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts of your ſonne, ſonne ſaid I, an vnworthie ſonne for ſo good a father: but farre be the thoughts of any ſuch pretended miſchiefe: and I moſt humbly render it to your Maieſties hand, and liue my Lord and ſoueraigne for euer: and with your dagger arme ſhow like vengeance vpon the bodie of that your ſonne, I was about ſay and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde ſlaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, ſweete father, becauſe I am vnworthie, and thoſe vilde & reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolith their company for euer. Pardon ſweete father, pardon: the leaſt thing and moſt deſire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and ſacrifice it to the diuel, which is maiſter of al miſchiefe: Pardõ me, ſweet father, pardon me: gõd my Lord of Exeter ſpeak for me: pardon me, pardõ good father, not a word: ah he wil not ſpeak one word: A Harry, now thrice vnhappie Harry. But what ſhal I do? I wil go take me into ſome ſolitarie place, and there lament my ſinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil laie me downe and die.

Exit.

Hen.4. Call him againe, call my ſonne againe.

Hen.5. And doth my father call me again? now Harry, Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Hen.4. Stand vp my ſon, and do not think thy father,
But at the requeſt of thee my ſonne, I wil pardon thee,
And God bleſſe thee, and make thee his ſeruant.

Hen.5. Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day,
Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

Hen.4. Come my ſon and Lords, take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dericke.

Der. Thou art a ſtinking whore, & a whorſon ſtinking whore,
Doeſt thinke ile take it at thy hands?

Enter Iohn Cobler running.

Iohn. Derick, D. D. Hearesta,
Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that,
Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?

Der. Shées a narrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you Iohn.

Iohn. Why what hath she done?

Der. Marry marke thou Iohn.
I wil proue it that I wil.

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That she cald me in to dinner.
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,
She brought me a dish of rootes, and a pèce of barrel butter therein: and she is a verie knaue,
And thou a drab if thou take her part.

Iohn. Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?
May, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe,
And all shall be amended.

Der. Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Hen. 4. Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure me, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my last wil and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my Lordes, I do not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, as euer raigned in England.

Both. Let heauen and earth be witnesse betwéene vs, if we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost.

Hen. 4. I giue you most vnfained thãks, good my lords,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a slæpe.

He sleepeth. (Exeunt Lords.

Enter

Enter the Prince.

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it neds no bodie. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do: if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I will weepe day and night vntil the fountaine be drie with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exe. Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Hen.4. Now my Lords.

Oxf. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

Hen.4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But good my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right.

Ambo. And please your grace, the crown is take away.

Hen.4. The Crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed:
No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,
To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxf. Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Hen.4. Why how now my sonne?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had giuen you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tel me my sonne,

Doest

Doeſt thou thinke the time ſo long,
That thou wouldeſt haue it before the
Breath be out of my mouth?

Hen.5. Moſt ſoueraign Lord, and welbeloued father,
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time
Paſt all recouerie, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witneſſe: and what ſhould I do,
But with weeping teares lament ỹ death of you my father,
And after that, ſeeing the Crowne, I toke it:
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death? but ſeeing you liue,
I moſt humbly render it into your Maieſties hands,
And the happieſt man aliue, that my father liue:
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.

Hen.4. Stand vp my ſonne,
Thine anſwere hath ſounded wel in mine eares,
For I muſt néed confeſſe that I was in a very ſound ſléep,
And altogither vnmindful of thy comming:
But come neare my ſonne,
And let me put thée in poſſeſſion whilſt I liue,
That none depriue thée of it after my death.

Hen.5. Well may I take it at your maieſties hands,
But it ſhal neuer touch my head, ſo lõg as my father liues.

He taketh the Crowne.

Hen.4. God giue thée ioy my ſonne,
God bleſſe thée and make thée his ſeruant,
And ſend thée a proſperous raigne.
For God knowes my ſonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

Hen.5. Howſoeuer you came by it, I know not,
But now I haue it from you, and from you I wil kéepe it:
And he that ſéekes to take the Crowne from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,

Were

Were it harder then braſſe or bollion.

Hen.4. Nobly ſpoken, and like a King.
Now truſt me my Lords, I feare not but my ſonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England.

L.Ambo. His former life ſhewes no leſſe.

Hen.4. wel my lords, I know not whether it be for deey,
Or drawing neare of drowſie ſummer of death,
But I am verie much giuen to ſléepe,
Therefore good my Lords and my ſonne,
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,
And cauſe ſome Muſicke to rocke me a ſléepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dieth.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird
Which hath eſcaped out of the Cage,
For ſo ſone as my Lord chiefe Iuſtice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:
But here comes ſome of his companions,
I wil ſée and I can get any thing of them,
For old acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead.

Ioc. Dead, then gogs blod, we ſhall be all kings.

Ned. Gogs wounds, I ſhall be Lord chiefe Iuſtice
Of England.

Tom. Why how, are you broken out of priſon?

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine ſtinkes.

Ioc. Why what wil become of thée now?
Fie vpon him, how the raſcall ſtinkes.

Theef. Marry I wil go and ſerue my maiſter againe.

Tom. Gogs blod, doſt think that he wil haue any ſuch
Scab'd knaue as thou art: what man he is a king now.

Ned. Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,
And get thée gone, for the king wil not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée.

Exit Theefe.

Ioc. Oh how it did me good, to see the king
When he was crowned:
He thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God.

Ned. But who would haue thought,
That the king would haue changde his countenance so?

Ioc. Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French king
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it.

Tom. But twas but a litle to make the people beléeue,
That he was sorie for his fathers death.

The Trumpet sounds.

Ned. Gogs wounds, the king comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of Oxford.

Ioc. How do you my Lord?

Ned. How now Harry?
But my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a king, and all the realme is yours:
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,
Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,
And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes beléeue
The death of your father greeues you,
And tis nothing so.

Henry. I prethée Ned, mend thy maners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my vnfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering

And

And diſſembling talke, thou ſaiſt I am changed,
So I am indeed, and ſo muſt thou be, and that quickly,
Or elſe I muſt cauſe thee to be chaunged.
Ioc. Gogs woundes how like you this?
Sowndes tis not ſo ſweete as Muſicke.
Tom. I truſt we haue not offended your grace no way.
Hen.5. Ah Tom, your former life greeues me,
And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer
And therfore not vpō pain of death to approch my preſence
By ten miles ſpace, then if I heare wel of you,
It may be I wil do ſomewhat for you,
Otherwiſe looke for no more fauour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on.
Exeunt Knights.
Now my good Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury,
What ſay you to our Embaſſage into France?
Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And ſiſter to Charles the French King:
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,
Then muſt you take your ſword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the vſurped Frenchman know,
Although your predeceſſors haue let it paſſe, you wil not:
For your Country men are willing with purſe and men,
To aide you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,
That Scotland hath bene in league with France,
By a ſort of penſions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore beſt to conquere Scotland,
And thē I think that you may go more eaſily into France:
And this is all that I can ſay, My good Lord. Canterbury.
Hen.5. I thanke you, my good lord Archbiſhop of Can-

What ſay you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And And pleaſe your Maieſtie,
I agree to my Lord Archbiſhop, ſauing in this,
He that will Scotland win, muſt firſt with France begin:
According to the old ſaying. (France,
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it beſt firſt to inuade
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Exeter.

Exe. And pleaſe your Maieſtie,
My Lord Embaſſador is come out of France.

Hen.5. Now truſt me my Lord,
He was the laſt man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to reſolue vs of our anſwere,
Commit him to our preſence.

Enter Duke of Yorke.

York. God ſaue the life of my ſoueraign Lord the king.

Hen.5. Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,
What newes from our brother the French King?

Yorke. And pleaſe your Maieſtie,
I deliuered him my Embaſſage,
Whereof I toke ſome deliberation,
But for the anſwere he hath ſent,
My Lord Embaſſador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monſieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horſemen,
To bring the Embaſſage.

Hen.5. Commit my Lord Archbiſhop of Burges
Into our preſence.

Enter Archbiſhop of Burges.

Now my Lord Archbiſhop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Embaſſador,
That you haue our meſſage to do
From our brother the French King:
Here my good Lord, according to our accuſtomed order,
We giue you free libertie and licenſe to ſpeake,

Wiſh

With good audience.

Archb. God ſaue the mightie King of England,
My Lord and maiſter, the moſt Chriſtian king,
Charles the ſeuenth, the great & mightie king of France,
As a moſt noble and Chriſtian king,
Not minding to ſhed innocent blood, is rather content
To yéeld ſomewhat to your vnreaſonable demaunds,
That if fiftie thouſand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The ſaid Ladie Katheren, in marriage,
And ſome crownes which he may wel ſpare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yéeld ſo far to your vnreaſonable deſire.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and maiſter,
Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thouſand crowns a yere,
Go tell thy Lord and maiſter,
That all the crownes in France ſhall not ſerue me,
Except the Crowne and kingdome it ſelfe:
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Archb. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this preſent.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.

Hen. 5. What a guilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?

Yorke. And it pleaſe your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbiſhop,
What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb. And it pleaſe you my Lord,
A meſſenger you know, ought to keepe cloſe his meſſage.
And ſpecially an Embaſſador.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your meſſage
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no leſſe,

at Archb. My Lord hearing of your wildneſſe before your
Fathers death, ſent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.
Hen. 5. My lord prince Dolphin is very pleaſant with me:
But tel him, that in ſtéd of balles of leather,
We wil toſſe him balles of braſſe and yron,
Yea ſuch balles as never were toſt in France,
The proudeſt Tennis Court ſhall rue it.
I and thou Prince of Burges ſhall rue it.
Therfore get thée hence, and tel him thy meſſage quickly,
Leaſt I be there before thee. Away prieſt, be gone.
Archb. I beſéech your grace, to deliuer me your ſafe
Conduct vnder your broad ſeale Emanuel.
Hen. 5. Prieſt of Burges, know,
That the hand and ſeale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in ſtead of my hand and ſeale,
I will bring him my hand and ſword:
And tel thy lord & maiſter, that I Harry of England ſaid it,
And I Harry of England, wil performe it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our ſafe conduct,
Vnder our broad ſeale Emanuel.
Exeunt Archbiſhop, and the Duke of Yorke.
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudeſt
French man in all France, ſhall rue the time that euer
Theſe Tennis balles were ſent into England.
My Lord, I wil ſ there be prouided a great Nauy of ſhips,
With all ſpéd, at South-Hampton,
For there I meane to ſhip my men,
For I would be there before him, it it were poſſible,
Therefore come, but ſtaie,
I had almoſt forgot the chiefeſt thing of all, with chaſing
With this French Embaſſador.
Call in my Lord chiefe Juſtice of England.

Enters

Enters Lord chiefe Iuſtice of England.

Exe. Here is the King my Lord.

Iuſtice. God preſerue your Maieſtie.

Hen. 5. Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

Iuſtice. I would it were vnknowne to your Maieſtie.

Hen. 5. Why what alle you?

Iuſt. Your Maieſtie knoweth my griefe well.

Hen. 5. My my Lord, you remember you ſent me to the Fléete, did you not?

Iuſt. I truſt your grace haue forgotten that.

Hen. 5. I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,
I haue choſen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,
Vntil it ſhall pleaſe God to giue me ſpédie returne
Out of France.

Iuſt. And if it pleaſe your Maieſtie, I am far vnworthie
Of ſo high a dignitie.

Hen 5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie,
Becauſe I thinke you worthie:
For you that would not ſpare me,
I thinke wil not ſpare another,
It muſt néeds be ſo, and therefore come,
Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readineſſe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.

Cap. Come, come, there's no remedie,
Thou muſt néeds ſerue the King.

Iohn. Good maiſter Captaine let me go,
I am not able to go ſo farre.

Wife. I pray you good maiſter Captaine,
Be good to my huſband.

Cap. Why I am ſure he is not to good to ſerue ỹ king.

Iohn. Alaſſe no: but a great deale to bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go.

Cap. No, no, thou ſhalt go.

Iohn

Iohn. Oh ſir, I haue a great many ſhoes at home to Cobble.

Wife. I pray you let him go home againe.

Cap. Tuſh I care not, thou ſhalt go.

Iohn. Oh wife, and you had béene a louing wife to me,
This had not bene, for I haue ſaid many times,
That I would go away, and now I muſt go
Againſt my will.

He weepeth.

Enters Dericke.

Der. How now ho, *Baſillus Manus*, for an old codpéce,
Maiſter Captaine ſhall we away?
Sownds how now Iohn, what a crying?
What make you and my dame there?
I marueil whoſe head you will throw the ſtooles at,
Now we are gone.

Wife. Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What do you with my potlid? heare you,
Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beateth him with her potlid.

Der. Oh good dame, here he ſhakes her,
And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you al to péces
That I would.

Wife. Would you ſo, Ile trie that.

She beateth him.

Der. Maiſter Captaine will ye ſuffer her?
Go to dame, I will go backe as far as I can,
But and you come againe,
Ile clap the law on your backe thats flat:
Ile tell you maiſter Captaine what you ſhall do?
Preſſe her for a ſouldier, I warrant you,
She will do as much good as her huſband and I to.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Cap. How now good fellow, doeſt thou want a maiſter?

Theefe.

Theefe. I truly ſir.

Cap. Hold thee then, I preſſe thee for a ſouldier,
To ſerue the King in France.

Der. How now Gads, what doeſt knowes thinkeſt?

Theefe. I, I knew thee long ago.

Der. Heare you maiſter Captaine?

Cap. What ſaiſt thou?

Der. I pray you let me go home againe.

Cap. Why what wouldſt thou do at home?

Der. Marry I haue brought two ſhirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am ſure heele ſteale it from me,
He is ſuch a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee he wil not ſteale it from thee,
Come lets away.

Der. Come maiſter Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.

Iohn. Come wife, lets part louingly.

Wife. Farewell good husband.

Der. Fie what a killing and crying is here?
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?
Why Iohn come away, doeſt thinke that we are ſo baſe
Minded to die among French men?
Sownes, we know not whether they will laie
Vs in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.

Cap. I cannot ſtaie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord high Conſtable of France.

King. Now my Lord high Conſtable,
What ſay you to our Embaſſage into England?

Conſt. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie, I can ſay nothing,
Until my Lords Embaſſadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in ſo good a readineſſe,

For feare of the worſt.

King. I my Lord we haue ſome in a readineſſe,
But if the King of England make againſt vs,
We muſt haue thrice ſo many moe.

Dolphin. But my Lord, although the King of England
We young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be ſo
Unwiſe to make battell againſt the mightie King of
France.

King. Oh my ſonne, although the King of England be
Young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is ruled
By his wiſe Councellors.

Enter Archbiſhop of Burges.

Archb. God ſaue the life of my ſouereign lord the king.

King. Now my good Lord Archbiſhop of Burges,
What newes from our brother the Engliſh King?

Archb. And pleaſe your Maieſtie,
He is ſo far from your expectation,
That nothing will ſerue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it ſelfe, beſides, he bad me haſte quickly,
Leaſt he be there before me, and ſo far as I heare,
He hath kept promiſe, for they ſay, he is already landed
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene,
And laid his ſiege to the Garriſon Towne of Harflew.

King. You haue made great haſte in the meane time,
Haue you not?

Dolphin. I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my preſents?

Archb. Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,
For theſe your balles of leather,
He will toſſe you balles of braſſe and yron:
Truſt me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is ſuch a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Con. Tuſh, we will make him as tame as a Lambe,
I warrant you.

Enters

Enters a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. God ſaue the nightie King of France.

King. Now Meſſenger, what newes?

Meſſen. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
I come from your poore diſtreſſed Towne of Harflew,
Which is ſo beſet on euery ſide,
If your Maieſtie do not ſend preſent aide,
The Towne will be yeelded to the Engliſh King.

King. Come my Lords, come, ſhall we ſtand ſtill
Till our Country be ſpoyled vnder our noſes?
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be ſent for with all ſpeede:
And you my Lord high Conſtable, I make Generall
Ouer all my whole Armie.
Monſieur le Colle, Maiſter of the Boas,
Signior Deuens, and all the reſt, at your appointment.

Dolp. I truſt your Maieſtie will beſtow,
Some part of the battell on me,
I hope not to preſent any otherwiſe then well.

King. I tell thee my ſonne,
Although I ſhould get the victory, and thou loſe thy life,
I ſhould thinke my ſelfe quite conquered,
And the Engliſh men to haue the victorie.

Dol. Why my Lord and father,
I would haue the pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well my ſonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus:
Therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a ſigne of an honourable victorie to come.

But good my Lord, go and ſpeake to the Captaines
With all ſpeed, to number the hoaſt of the French men,
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.
Yorke. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
There are many of your men ſicke and diſeaſed,
And many of them die for want of victuals.
Hen. 5. And why did you not tell me of it before?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of ſword,
The lawe of Armes allow no leſſe.
Oxf. I beſeech your grace, to graunt me a boone.
Hen. 5. What is that my good Lord?
Oxf. That your grace would giue me the
Euantgard in the battell.
Hen. 5. Truſt me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:
For I haue alreadie giuẽ it to my vncke ẏ Duke of York,
Yet I thanke you for your good will.
A Trumpet ſoundes.
How now, what is that?
Yorke. I thinke it be ſome Herald of Armes.
Enters a Herald.
Herald. King of England, my Lord high Conſtable,
And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They preſently bid thee battell.
Hen. 5. Herald tell them, that I defie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wrongfull vſurpers of my right:
And whereas thou ſaiſt they preſently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to pleaſe me:
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin
Here in battell.
Herald. And it pleaſe your grace,

My Lord and king his father,
Will not let him come into the field.
Hen.5. Why then he doth me great iniurie,
I thought that he & I ſhuld haue plaid at tennis togithee,
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he ſent me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hãds with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he ſhall finde it ere it be long,
And ſo adue my friend:
And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will.
Exit Herald.
Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile ſee the number of the French army my ſelfe.
Strike vp the Drumme.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter French Souldiers.

1. Soul. Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,
And me will tel you what me wil do,
We will tro one chance on the dice,
Who ſhall haue the king of England and his lords.
2. Soul. Come away Jacke Drummer,
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh the braue apparel that the Engliſh mans
Hay broth ouer, I will tel you what
We ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes,
And all to put the fine parel of the Engliſh mans in.
1. Soul. What do thou meane by trunkes?
2. Soul. A ſheft man, a hundred ſhefts.
1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee, We will tel you what,
We ha put fiue ſhildren out of my houſe,
And all to litle to put the fine apparel of the
Engliſh mans in.

Drum. Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we ſhall
Haue anon, but come, and you ſhall ſee what me will tro
At the kings Drummer and Fife,
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3. Sol. Faith me wil tro at ỹ Earle of Northumberland
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horſe,
Snorting, farting, oh braue horſe.

1. Sol. Ha, but Ladie you ha reaſonable good lucke,
Now I will tro at the king himſelfe,
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Cap. How now what make you here,
So farre from the Campe?

2. Sol. Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here?

Drum. Awée, awée.

Exeunt Drum, and one Souldier.

2. Sol. I wil tel you what wee haue done,
We haue bene troing our ſhance on the Dice,
But none can win the king.

Cap. I thinke ſo, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue ſet thrée or foure chaire-makers a worke,
To make a new diſguiſed chaire to ſet that womanly
King of England in, that all the people may laugh
And ſcoffe at him.

2. Soul. Oh braue Captaine.

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie
To ſée the poore king:
Why who euer ſaw a more flouriſhing armie in France
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Peeres of
France? Are not here the Normans with their firie hand-
Gunnes, and flaunching Curtleaxes?
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horſes,
And lanching ſpeares?
Are not here Pickardes with their Croſbowes & piercing
Dartes,

The

The Hennes with their cutting Glaues and sharpe
Carbuckles.
Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?
Why take an English man out of his warme bed
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,
And alas what will become of him?
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish rote,
And he will liue with it all the dayes of his life.

Exit.

2. Soul. Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of the English mans. (Exit.

Enters the king of England and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,
What company is there of the French men?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
Our Captaines haue numbred them,
And so neare as they can iudge,
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,
And fortie thousand footemen.

Hen. 5. They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand.
They threescore thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand.
They are a hundred thousand,
And we fortie thousand, ten to one?
My Lords and louing Countrymen,
Though we be fewe and they many,
Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God will defend you.
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.
Now my Lords, I will that my vncle the Duke of Yorke,
Haue the auantgard in the battell.
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,

The

The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beſide the army,
That they may come freſh vpon them.
And I my ſelfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloſter,
Wil be in the midſt of the battell.
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
And the Earle of Northumberland,
With their troupes of horſmen, be cõtinually running like
Wings on both ſides of the army:
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.
Then I wil, that euery archer prouide him a ſtake of
A tree, and ſharpe it at both endes,
And at the firſt encounter of the horſemen,
To pitch their ſtakes downe into the ground before them,
That they may goe themſelues vpon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and ſhote wholly altogither,
And ſo diſcomfit them.

Oxf. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
I wil take that in charge, if your graee be therwith cõtent.

Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:
And go and prouide quickly.

Oxf. I thanke your highneſſe.

Exit.

Hen. 5. Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,
And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets,
But let them loke, for I meane to ſet vpon them.

The Trumpet ſoundes.

Soft, heres comes ſome other French meſſage.

Enters Herauld.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Conſtable,
And other of my Lords, conſidering the poore eſtate of thée
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ranſome?
Perhaps thou maiſt agrée better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered.

Hen. 5.

Hen.5. Why then belike your high Conſtable,
Sends to know what I will giue for my ranſome?
Now truſt me Herald, not ſo much as a tun of tennis balls
No not ſo much as one poore tennis ball,
Rather ſhall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crowes,
Then euer England ſhall pay one penny ranſome
For my bodie.

Herald. A kingly reſolution.

Hen.5. No Herald, tis a kingly reſolution,
And the reſolution of a king:
Here take this for thy paines.

Exit Herald.

But ſtay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord.

Hen.5. Then is it good time no doubt,
For all England prayeth for vs:
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me:
Why then with one voice and like true Engliſh hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and for England,
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.

Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.

The French men crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis,
Mount Ioy S. Dennis.

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Hen.5. Come my Lords come, by this time our
Swords are almoſt drunke with French blood,
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our
Army be ſlaine in the battell?

Oxf. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
There are of the French armie ſlaine,
Aboue ten thouſand, twentie fiue hundred,
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:
Beſides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken priſoners.

Of your Maieſties Armie, are ſlaine none but the good
Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiue or ſix and twentie
Common ſouldiers.

Hen. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke my vncle,
I am heartily ſorie, and greatly lament his miſfortune,
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But ſtaie,
Here comes another French meſſage.

Sound Trumpet.

Enters a Herald and kneeleth.

Her. God ſaue the life of the moſt mightie Conquerer,
The honourable king of England.

Hen. 5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now, what I am ſure it is a great diſgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the king of England,
What is thy meſſage?

Her. My Lord & maiſter, the conquered king of France,
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Herald, his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, ſay on.

Herald. He hath ſent me to deſire your Maieſtie,
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore
Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maiſter
Send to me to burie the dead?
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Conſtable,
And thoſe that would haue had my ranſome?

Herald. And it pleaſe your maieſtie,
He was ſlaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why you may ſee, you will make your ſelues
Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,
What Caſtle is this ſo neere adioyning to our Campe?

Herald. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,

Tis

Tis cald the Caſtle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then my lords of England,
For the more honour of our Engliſh men,
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
I haue a further meſſage to deliuer to your Maieſtie.

Hen. 5. What is that Herald? ſay on.

Her. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie, my Lord and maiſter,
Craues to parley with your Maieſtie.

Hen. 5. With a good will, ſo ſome of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trecherie and treaſon.

Herald. Your grace nèds not to doubt that.

Exit Herald.

Hen. 5. Well, tell him then, I will come.
Now my lords, I will go into the field my ſelfe,
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King ſhall neuer ſurpaſſe me in
Curteſie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my lords.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler,
Didſt thou ſée how the King did behaue himſelfe?

Iohn. But Robin, didſt thou ſée what a pollicie
The King had, to ſée how the French men were kild
With the ſtakes of the trées.

Robin. I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie.

Enters an Engliſh ſouldier, running.

Soul. What are you my maiſters?

Both. Why we be Engliſh men.

Soul. Are you Engliſh men, then change your language
For the Kings Tents are ſet a fire,
And all they that ſpeake Engliſh will be kild.

Iohn. What ſhall we do Robin? faith ile ſhift,
For I can ſpeake broken French.

Robin. Faith ſo can I, lets heare how thou canſt ſpeak?
Iohn. Commodeuales Monſieur.
Robin. Whats well, come lets be gone.
Drum and Trumpet ſounds:
Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him priſoner.
Dericke. O god Mounſer.
French man. Come, come, you villeaco.
Der. O I will ſir, I will.
Frenchman. Come quickly you pelant.
Der. I will ſir, what ſhall I giue you?
French. Marry thou ſhalt giue me,
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.
Der. Nay ſir, I will giue you more,
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your ſword.
French. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns
As will lie on my ſword?
Der. I marrie will I, I but you muſt lay downe your
Sword, or elſe they will not lie on your ſword.
Here the Frenchman laies downe his ſword, and the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.
Der. Thou villaine, dareſt thou loke vp?
French. O god Mounſier comparteue.
Monſieur pardon me.
Der. O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,
Doeſt thou remember ſince thou lambſt me in thy ſhop?
O villaine, now I will ſtrike off thy head.
Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French man runnes his wayes.
Der. What is he gone, maſſe I am glad of it,
For if he had ſtaid, I was afraid he wold haue ſturd again,
And then I ſhould haue bene ſpilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.
Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.

Hen.5. Now my good brother of France,
My comming into this land was not to shead blood,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,
And to depart out of your land.
Charles. What is it you demand,
My louing brother of England?
Hen.5. My Secretary hath it written, read it.
Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England
Be crowned King of France.
Charles. A very hard sentence,
My good brother of England.
Hen.5. No more but right, my good brother of France.
French King. Well read on.
Secret. Item, that after the death of the said Henry,
The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer.
French King. Why then you do not onely meane to
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.
Hen.5. Why my good brother of France,
You haue had it long inough:
And as for Prince Dolphin,
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle:
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.
French King. You are very peremptorie,
My good brother of England.
Hen. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.
Charles. Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.
Hen.5. I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches
Charles. I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.
Hen.5. It is as you please, here is my resolution.
Charles. Well my brother of England,
If you will giue me a coppie,
We will méete you againe to morrow.
Exit King of France, and all their attendants.

Hen.5. With a good will my good brother of France.
Secretary deliuer him a coppie.
My lords of England go before,
And I will follow you. Exeunt Lords.
Speakes to himselfe.
Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie Harry.
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her and will haue her.
Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.
But here she comes:
How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,
What newes?
Kathren. And it please your Maiestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands which you require:
Hen.5. Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it
If it were possible:
But tell me sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?
Kate. I cannot hate my good Lord,
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.
Hen.5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England?
I cannot do as these Countries do,
That spend halfe their time in woing:
Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England?
Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,

I would not vouchſafe ſo much as one looke,
Untill you had related all theſe unreaſonable demands.
Hen. 5. Truly Kate, I know thou wouldſt not uſe me ſo
Hardly: But tell me, canſt thou loue the king of England?
Kate. How ſhould I loue him, that hath dealt ſo hardly
With my father.
Hen. 5. But ile deale as eaſily with thée,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,
How ſaiſt thou, what will it be?
Kate. If I were of my owne direction,
I could giue you anſwere:
But ſeeing I ſtand at my fathers direction,
I muſt firſt know his will.
Hen. 5. But ſhal I haue thy good will in the mean ſeaſon?
Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no aſſurance,
I would be loth to put you in any diſpaire.
Hen. 5. Now before God, it is a ſweete wench.
She goes aſide, and ſpeakes as followeth.
Kat. I may thinke my ſelfe the happieſt in the world,
That is beloued of the mightie King of England.
Hen. 5. Well Kate, are you at hoaſt with me?
Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me,
That none in the world could ſoner haue perſwaded me to
It then thou, and ſo tel thy father from me.
Kat. God keepe your Maieſtie in good health.
Exit. Kat.
Hen. 5. Farwel ſweet Kate, in faith, it is a ſweet wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would ſo rouſe the Towers ouer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knées.
Exit King.
Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of ſhooes.
Der. How now? Sownes it did me good to ſee how
I did triumph ouer the French men.
Enters

Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell.

Iohn. Whope Dericke, how doeſt thou?

Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet.

Iohn. I promiſe thée Dericke, I ſcapte hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

Der. Were you ſo?

Iohn. I truſt me, I had like bene ſlaine.

Der. But once kild, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or fiue times ſlaine.

Iohn. Foure or fiue times ſlaine.
Why how couldſt thou haue bene aliue now?

Der. O Iohn, neuer ſay ſo,
For I was cald the bloodie ſouldier amongſt them all.

Iohn. Why what didſt thou?

Der. Why I will tell thée Iohn,
Euery day when I went into the field,
I would take a ſtraw and thruſt it into my noſe,
And make my noſe bléed, and then I wold go into the field,
And when the Captaine ſaw me, he would ſay,
Peace a bloodie ſouldier, and bid me ſtand aſide,
Whereof I was glad:
But marke the chance Iohn.
I went and ſtood behinde a trée, but marke then Iohn.
I thought I had bene ſafe, but on a ſodaine,
There ſteps to me a luſtie tall French man,
Now he drew, and I drew,
Now I lay here, and he lay there,
Now I ſet this leg before, and turned this backward,
And ſkipped quite ouer a hedge,
And he ſaw me no more there that day,
And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn. Maſſe Dericke, thou haſt a wittie head.

Der. I Iohn, thou maiſt ſée, if thou hadſt take my coũſel,
But what haſt thou there?

I thinke

I thinke thou haſt bene robbing the French men.

Iohn. I faith Dericke, I haue gotten ſome reparrell
To carry home to my wife.

Der. And I haue got ſome ſhoes,
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all their ſhoes.

Iohn. I but Dericke, how ſhall we get home?

Der. Nay ſownos, and they take thee,
They wil hang thee,
O Iohn, neuer do ſo, if it be thy fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatſoeuer thou doeſt.

Iohn. Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now.

Der. I but you may not go before you aſke the king leaue,
But I know a way to go home, and aſke the king no leaue.

Iohn. How is that Dericke?

Der. Why Iohn, thou knoweſt the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall muſt be carried into England, doeſt thou not?

Iohn. I that I do.

Der. Why then thou knoweſt wele go with it.

Iohn. I but Dericke, how ſhall we do for to meet them?

Der. Sownds if I make not ſhift to meet them, hang me.
Sirra, thou knowſt that in euery Towne there wil
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton
And keepe a talking, and ſay, O this fellow rings well,
And thou ſhalt go and take a peece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou ſhalt ſay, oh this fellow keepes a good ſtint,
And then I will go drinke to thee all the way:
But I maruel what my dame wil ſay when we come home,
Becauſe we haue not a French word to caſt at a Dog
By the way?

Iohn. Why what ſhall we do Dericke?

Der. Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame whore,
And thou ſhalt come after and ſet fire on the houſe,

We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,
Because we be ſouldiers.
The Trumpets ſound.
Iohn. Dericke helpe me to carry my ſhoes and bootes.

Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.

Hen.5. Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your anſwere.
Fr.King. I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you ſhould be crowned
King of France.
Hen.5. What not King of France, then nothing,
I muſt be King: but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came laſt to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkaſſes,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy ſonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would ſo rowſe him, as he was neuer ſo rowſed.
Fr.King. I dare ſweare for my ſonnes innocencie
In this matter.
But if this pleaſe you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,
Not King, becauſe I my ſelfe was once crowned King.
Hen.5. Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I muſt haue.
Fr.King. The reſt my Secretary hath in writing.
Secret. Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,

The

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for euer.
Hen.5. Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I muſt néds deſire.
Fr.King. What is that my good brether of England?
Hen.5. That all your Nobles muſt be ſworne to be true
to me.
Fr.King. Whereas they have not ſtucke with greater
Matters, I know they wil not ſticke with ſuch a trifle,
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.
Hen.5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my ſword.
Burgon. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power
Comming to inuade the ſaid Henry or his heires,
Then I the ſaid Philip to ſend him word,
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.
He kiſſeth the ſword.
Hen.5. Come Prince Dolphin, you muſt ſweare to.
He kiſſeth the ſword.
Hen.5. Well my brother of France,
There is one thing more I muſt néds require of you.
Fr.King. Wherein is it that we may ſatisfie your
Hen.5. A trifle my good brother of France. (Maieſtie:
I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England,
If ſhe be willing, and you therewith content:
How ſaiſt thou Kate, canſt thou loue the King of England?
Kate. How ſhould I loue that, which is my fathers enemy?
Hen.5. Tut ſtand not vpon theſe points,
Tis you muſt make vs friends:
I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue thée:
What wench, the King of England?

Fre-

French King. Daughter let nothing ſtand betwixt the
King of England and thée, agrée to it.

Kate. I had beſt whilſt he is willing,
Leaſt when I would, he will not:
I reſt at your Maieſties commaund.

Hen. 5. Welcome ſweét Kate, but my brother of France,
What ſay you to it?

French king. With all my heart I like it,
But when ſhall be your wedding day?

Hen. 5. The firſt Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

Sound Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.